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Abstract

Middle Earth. Simulations Publications Inc., Rob Mosca, Linda Mosca and Richard Berg, Howard Barasch. Reviewed by George Colvin.

J.R.R. Tolkien, A Biography. Humphrey Carpenter. Reviewed by Nancy-Lou Patterson.

The Longing for a Form, Essays on the Fiction of C.S. Lewis. Peter J. Schakel, ed.. Reviewed by Nancy-Lou Patterson.

Wonderful Wizard, Marvelous Land. Raylyn Moore, Preface by Ray Bradbury. Reviewed by Lee Speth.

Additional Keywords

Thadara Ottobris; Annette Harper; Mary Ann Hodge; Michael Logan

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prisoner by Saruman, to Edoras in Rohan. The third time was from Zirak-Zigil to Lothlorien after Gandalf fought the Balrog. This can be found on page 135 of *The Two Towers* (ppbk. ed.)

I feel that this is a very important point, not only because Gandalf made an obvious mistake, but when Tolkien wrote this, he was showing his readers an important part of Middle Earth [thought] . It should be noted that this [idea] of three times pays for all was also prevalent in our culture for many years.

REVIEWS

GOOD WORK -- AND GREAT FUN

Middle Earth, by Simulations Publications Inc., 44 E. 23rd St., New York, N.Y. 10010; 1977. A three-game set at $20, including: *Sauron* ($5 separately), by Rob Mosca; *Gondor* ($5), by Linda Mosca and Richard Berg; and *War of the Ring* ($15), by Howard Barasch and Richard Berg. Physical Systems/Graphic Design: Redmond A. Simonsen.

The ultimate Middle-earth game has arrived.

Middle Earth, published by Simulations Publications Inc. (SPI), the largest and most progressive simulation-gaming company in existence, is the most attractive in its art (largely by Tim Kirk), the most sophisticated in its rules and structure, and the most comprehensive in its coverage of all the Tolkien-based games ever produced, and this condition is unlikely to change soon. In addition, *Middle Earth* treats with respect the material in *Lord of the Rings (LotR),* on which it is based.

Middle Earth actually is a three-game package, and the three games may be (but should not be) separately purchased. They all use generally the same system. A hexagonal grid is printed over a map, and movement for the pieces or counters are printed cardboard squares which may represent individuals, armies, or types of weapons. The games are all played in turns, each turn representing a few hours of "real time" in *Sauron* and *Gondor* and a week in *War of the Ring.*

Beyond this, they vary greatly. *Sauron* covers the Battle of Dagorlad in S.A. 3434, after which Sauron was driven into Mordor and the Barad-dur was besieged by the Last Alliance. This is a very imaginative treatment, to say the least, since Tolkien nowhere gave the details of this battle. *Gondor* deals with the assault on Minas Tirith during the War of the Ring, beginning after the overrunning of the Pelennor on March 13, 3019 T.A., and ending after the arrival of Aragorn. Both of these games are relatively small, using 17" by 22" heavy paper mapboards and about 80 to 120 counters each. Counters in these games represent individuals, highly differentiated army units (Orc archers, light infantry, and heavy infantry are separately given), or particular weapons, from the sword Narsil to cauldrons of oil.

The third game in the set, *War of the Ring,* is much larger and by far the most interesting. It covers all of the events in *LotR* from the departure from Imladris (December 25) to the middle of May. The mapboard is 33" by 34", of heavy paper, and includes all of Middle-earth in the Third Age. Though the artwork in *Sauron* and *Gondor* is not extraordinary, in *War of the Ring* it is outstanding. Each of the many individual character cards has a small Tim Kirk sketch of the character; other Kirk sketches, including his patented Orcs, decorate other cards; and the mapboard itself is a five-color affair with a particularly brilliant blue for water.

War of the Ring contains two sub-games: the "Character Game" and the "Campaign Game." Both games contain ordinary and magical combat among characters, search by Orcs and Nazgul, all the magical objects in *LotR* from *palantiri* to elven rope, such minor actors as Shelob and the Barrow-wight, and many of the events from *LotR* including Boromir's attempt to seize the Ring, use of elven boats, Aragorn's and Denethor's use of *palantiri* and even a pipeweed cache! The events are handled through a card-play system that keeps the flavor of the original while not binding the players to repeat mechanically the events in *LotR.* Gollum, too, is present in both games and can have a decisive influence. The "Character Game" uses only the Fellowship of the Ring and the Nine Riders, plus Saruman, Gollum, the Mouth of Sauron, and the minor actors noted above. The "Campaign Game" has all of these, along with many more characters and the armies of Middle-earth. An adaptation of the "Campaign Game" called the "Three Player Game" gives Saruman a strong independent position and allows for alliances, betrayals, and similar pleasantries. The Society helped to provide information on which *War of the Ring* was based and is given a credit line for this--the first game the Society has helped to produce!

Two considerations are involved in evaluating these games: their faithfulness to *LotR,* and their overall quality as games. As may have been seen above, the designers have worked hard and successfully to produce games that reflect the challenges and opportunities facing the "real" characters while keeping enough variability that no two playings of any game will be alike. This sucess is particularly great in *War of the Ring,* because its much greater scope allows for more detail and variation than the more limited *Gondor* and *Sauron.* Test playings of *War of the Ring* have produced such disparate results as a badly wounded Frodo destroying the Ring practically with his last breath, and a battle to the death in Thranduil's Palace (over the *lembas,* as it turned out) among most of the major characters. Victory conditions in all the games reflect the "real" conditions for victory in their situation. Finally, the faithfulness of these games to the original is emphasized by extensive and well-written comments in the 28-page rules booklet for *War of the Ring* on the characters, objects, and situations in *LotR.* No Tolkien fan will be disappointed in the games of *Middle Earth* on this ground if he considers the minimal tradeoffs in authenticity needed to make *LotR* "gameable," such as reducing the decisiveness of Ent intervention.

As games, too, the *Middle Earth* set comes off very well. *Gondor* seems rather heavily tipped in favor of the "bad guys," but that is the authentic situation. All of these games are quite adaptable to solitaire play--an important point. In addition, SPI seems to be turning out more games on other fantasy topics using the basic *War of the Ring* format, which promises more pleasure ahead.

Overall, these three games are brilliant productions--significant for the collector of Middle-earth art, important for any Tolkien completist, and vital for anyone interested in *LotR*-related games--or good games in general..

...George Colvin

SAREHOLE TO SHIRE: THE DEFINITIVE TOLKIEN

Humphrey Carpenter, *J.R.R. Tolkien, A Biography* (London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., 1977). £4.95 ($12.95 in Canada). 288 pp.

In one of his prophetic, and characteristically generous early reviews of *The Lord of the Rings (Time and Tide,* October 22, 1955), C.S. Lewis wrote that "one of the main things the author wants to say is that the real life of men is of that mythical and heroic quality." Humphrey Carpenter's biography shows us Tolkien's life with an almost crystalline lucidity. He has had the advantage, of course, of the letters, diaries, and papers of Tolkien; more: of having known the man, his friends, and his family, on bases both professional and personal. But he has brought to these indispensible resources a remarkable sensitivity and delicacy of feeling. He has touched upon the rawest nerves of human feeling--Tolkien's relationship with his widowed mother, his relationship with his wife (and her relationship with him), his relationship with "Jack" (C.S. Lewis), and his relationship with his religion (Roman Catholicism)--with empathy, compassion, and understanding. This is no hagiography. Tolkien's gentle jealousies, his psychosomatic soldiering, his exquisite procrastinations, his vinegary crochets and opinions, are lovingly depicted, like the blemishes in a beautiful but withering apple which hangs on a late Autumn tree.

The book sings with the love that Tolkien's biographer brings to his subject. He has been as close to the miracle as a hobbit to his hearth, and reports to us as much as can be told, perhaps, of the elements in Tolkien's poignant childhood and youth that contributed to the visionary world he created as an adult. "John Ronald Reuel Tolkien, son of enterprising Mabel Suffield, herself one of the three remarkable daughters of old John Suffield (who lived to be nearly a hundred) was middleaged and inclined to pessimism, dressed in sensible clothes but like coloured waistcoats when he could afford them, and had a taste for plain food. But there was something unusual in his character that had already manifested itself in the creation of a mythology, and it now led him to begin this new story." The mythology was not to appear until the Fall of 1977, as *The Silmarillion;* the "new story" was to be recommended for publication in 1936 by the ten-year-old Rayner Unwin (who has lived, one imagines, to be very glad of it), and appeared as *The Hobbit.* In between these events, Tolkien's twentieth-century masterpiece, *The Lord of the Rings,* was written and published.

It shows us, transmuted to gold, the paradise of his early childhood near Sarehole Mill, and, scarred and smoking, the abysses of loneliness and fear that the loss of his mother and his orphan's life dug into his malleable spirit at the age of thirteen. He saw his widowed mother (not altogether inaccurately) as a saintly outcast who, after her conversion to Roman Catholicism, was virtually abandoned by her family, and worked herself to death in support of her fatherless children. His religion was thus perhaps too personal to be given overt expression. God has not absconded from Middle-earth, but His feet do not tread its grasses. The pure ladies who stand like distant beacons on island mountain tops and in forest glades, reflect the martyred mother, it may be. Tolkien's wife, whom he loved as a boy of eighteen and wooed back after a three-year separation enforced by his priest-benefactor, he cast in this same mould, a somewhat procrustean fit, Carpenter suggests, for a lady who was by nature as enterprising, creative, and independent as Tolkien's mother had actually been.

The masculine friendships which characterise the Fellowship of the ring, reflect a lifelong tendency of Tolkien's, first in the "TCBS," a schoolboy circle several of whose members perished in the holocaust of World War I, and then in the Inklings, which included Tolkien's longtime friend, sometime convert, and latterday rival, C.S. Lewis. In their

relationship, Tolkien played the uncomfortable role of the elder brother in the Parable of the Prodigal son. He was a lifelong Christian, a lifelong creator of myths. Lewis, the apostate, became a published(and, unhappily to Tolkien, Anglican) Christian apologist. While Tolkien laboured lingeringly (twelve years) over his masterpiece, *The Lord of the Rings*, Lewis brought forth the Narnian Chronicles a year at a time. Carpenter says that Tolkien depicted the boistrous Lewis in the "Hroom-hoom" of Treebeard. Apparently Tolkien's marriage and friendships were as full of discomforts and adjustments to reality as those of the rest of us. It is rather a relief to find it out. In the end, we love him more because, for all his genius, he was so much like us.

That is what he was trying to tell us, after all, that *this* world (which *is* Middle-earth) is a place where great affairs depend ultimately upon the acts of little, weak, inadequate, and finally heroic people rather like ourselves. That may be mythical, but it is also Christian, and it is also true.

Not that the mythological books are autobiographical; personal elements are, rather, consciously expressed by Tolkien, Carpenter says, in the early *Leaf by Niggle*, and the later *Smith of Wootton Major*, where their miniature focus reflects Tolkien's humility. He would have rejected the detection of personal elements in *The Lord of the Rings*, and no doubt even more so, in *The Silmarillion*. But the finding of them is not reductionism. St. Bernadette of Lourdes saw the Blessed Virgin Mary as a girl dressed in the garb of a local religious society, and heard her speaking the local *patois*, but her visions have mediated healing and spiritual enlightenment to millions of people. And Oxford dons create secondary universes out of their private philological inventions. The apparent mystery by which a life of outward simplicity, even monotony, conceals an inner world of majesty is almost the definition of a scholar's life, and Tolkien was, in essence, a scholar. Like the shaman lying in his trance or the monk on his knees before the altar, the wonders of scholarly contemplation cannot be expected to show on the outside. Only occasionally does the rich inner life run over the brim, and pour into our lives in the form of fantastic literature.

Beyond all his revelations, most astounding is Carpenter's statement that Tolkien hoped that his myths were *true*. Of all Christian-based mythologies, Tolkien's are surely the most runic, the least transparent. As religious expression they are, in Lewis's terminology, *thick*. (The thin--one might say Apollonian-- quality of Lewis's own mythologies, from the transluscent Northern skies to the crystalline landscapes of outer space and Narnia, was what most enchanted Tolkien; he disliked *That Hideous Strength*, which, set in our world, most parallels his own dark towers, and abhorred the "clotted glory" of Charles Williams' densely-grown occult novels.) Over Middle-earth Eru presides at a very great distance, and the foreground is richly populated with a host of beings whose attraction or repulsion exerts a profound effect over the reader. This places Tolkien's creation in a slightly dangerous position, for its lover may wander there for a long time before discovering whose world, finally, it is. There is something of idolatry, or at least of *hyperdulia*, in the love some readers give to Middle-earth. And that is forbidden, most expressly, by the First and Second Commandments, binding upon Jew and Christian alike. It is forbidden to place one's ultimate love too low. Having said that, I hasten to add Aslan's dictum that all service is service to Him. Lewis believed that a good pagan knew more about reality than a good atheist, and Middle-earth is not an atheistic world, nor Tolkien a pagan. The awe and love he and his creation inspire are indeed for the truth, and in that sense, Tolkien's hopes for his mythopoeic endeavours are fulfilled.

Peter J. Schakel, ed., *The Longing for a Form, Essays on the Fiction of C.S. Lewis* (Kento, Ohio: Kent State University Press, 1977). 234 pp. $12.50.

For the writer of *Genesis*, Creation begins when "the earth was without form" (1:2) and culminates when "God created man in his own image." (1:27) Something like this is present in the words of C.S. Lewis, from which Peter Schakel has taken the title of this splendid collection of essays:

> In the Author's mind there bubbles up every now and then the material for a story. For me it invariably begins with mental pictures. This ferment leads to nothing unless it is accompanied with the longing for a Form... (p. xxii, quoted from C.S. Lewis, "Sometimes Fairy Stories May Say Best What's to be Said." *Of Other Worlds*, ed. W. Hooper, London: Bles, 1966, p.35).

In his thoughtful and provocative introductory essay, Schakel develops this theme and the contents of the book carry it out. The essays are uniformly of high quality; they explore the ways in which Lewis gave Form to the many images bubbling up in his mind. The primacy of Image for Lewis strikes one forcibly in reading these studies: images were his raw material, as words--languages--were for Tolkien (whose biblical motto, which he heard at the end of every Mass, would have been "*Incipit erat verbum:* In the beginning was the Word" from St. John 1:1).

The first of the anthologized essays, "'The Thing Itself,' C.S. Lewis and the Value of Something Other," by Scott Oury, shows how Lewis valued and pursued reality, both the objects of "Nature"--eggs and bacon, for instance--and of that Reality which "flows into you from myth" (p. 11, quoted from C.S. Lewis, "Myth Became Fact" 1944, *God in the Dock*, ed. W. Hooper, Grand Rapids, Mich.: Eerdmans, 1970, p. 66). Having ably examined this element Oury almost unravels his thesis by declaring that "The weight of message in Lewis's

fiction may well limit the length of its story. One cannot help but feel that the nearly messageless...*Lord of the Rings* will be read when the trilogy has been forgotten." (p. 19) To what purpose is this negative comparison made? A premise of the space trilogy is its narration of and partially by an Oxford don: that "thing itself" surely would include a tendency to message as a part of his reality. The two cycles--by Lewis and Tolkien--are of quite different Forms, and need not be compared, let alone differentially evaluated, in order to be enjoyed.

Thus ends my only cavil; the rest of the book (and most of Oury's essay) brings joy. A list of the essays should whet the appetite. First, there are three "General Studies": Oury's paper together with "Triadic Patterns in Lewis's Life and Thought," by Edward G. Zagby, S.J., a richly theoretical study of the dialectical structure of Lewis's fiction; and "The Creative Act: Lewis on God and Art," by Janice Witherspoon Neuleib, summed up in her statement, "Lewis... insisted that beauty was to be found in the pattern of the divine will." (p.47)

The second section, "The Ranson Trilogy," includes four essays. These are "The Cosmic Trilogy of C.S. Lewis," by Wayne Shumaker, an excellent outline of Lewis's technique, including his "practice of showing instead of explaining" (p. 59); "The Reeducation of the Fearful Pilgrim," by Chad Walsh, which points to the pilgrimage theme in the trilogy, which is "one vast myth" (p. 71); "A Preface to Perelandra" by Margaret Hannay, which elegantly demonstrates her illuminating thesis that "those things which disappointed Lewis in *Paradise Lost* have been altered in Lewis's own Edenic myth, *Perelandra;* those which he most approved in Milton he sought to emulate" (p. 73); and "*That Hideous Strength:* a Double Story" by Richard Purtill, which explores Lewis's use of the Polarities Belbury/St. Anne's in intricate detail.

"The Chronicles of Narnia" also includes four excellent essays. These are "Narnia: the Author, the Critics, and the Tale," by Walter Hooper, combining personal recollections of Lewis with Fr. Hooper's own sensitive analysis of the Chronicles; "C.S. Lewis's Narnia and the 'Grand Design'" by Charles Huttar, who argues intriguingly that the Chronicles belong to the "genre 'scripture'" (p. 119); "Imagination Baptized, or 'Holiness' in the Chronicles of Narnia," by Elaine Trixier, in which her delicate analysis shows "the quality of Holiness...in the tales" (p. 157); and--one of the finest essays in the book--"Epistomological Release in *The Silver Chair*" by John Cox, in which he unwraps layer by layer the worlds of knowledge and revelation in Narnia's multilevelled world.

The final section, "Till We Have Faces," presents three essays: "*Till We Have Faces:* an Interpretation," by Clyde Kilby, which continues the theme of revelation; "From Mt. Olympus to Glome: C.S. Lewis's Dislocation of Apuleius's 'Cupid and Psyche' in *Till We Have Faces,*" by Steve J. Van Der Weele, a nicely argued comparison of the two versions, ancient and modern, of the myth; and finally, "Archetypal Patterns in *Till We Have Faces,*" by Joe R. Christopher, which ably demonstrates that "the novel is...rich with the archetypal patterns of life." (p. 212)

All are illuminating, all well written. And as far as I can see, not one quotation is included from any of the many excellent essays on the fiction of C.S. Lewis published by the Mythopoeic Society, whether in Mythcon Proceedings or *Mythlore.* The essays are taken for the most part from presentions made before the 1974, 1975, and 1976 Modern Languages Association and a meeting of the Southwest Regional Conference on Christianity and Literature," and from a few Journals. The writers quote liberally from Lewis and his fellow Inklings, and from certain literary authorities, but beyond that, who could tell from these works that anything beyond their own efforts had ever appeared about Lewis? Luckily, the dust jacket refers to Joe R. Christopher and Joan K. Ostling's splendid *C.S. Lewis: An Annotated Checklist of Writings About Him and His Works* (previously reviewed in *Mythlore*). The reader can ferret them out and add *The Longing for a Form* to their numbers. Maybe an Index to *Mythlore* and the various Mythcon Proceedings would be in order.

Anyway, all students and lovers of C.S. Lewis will want to read *The Longing for a Form.* It is a feast, an Inklings meeting, a Symposium of scholarship, analysis, insight, and evocation. As Joe R. Christopher concludes, what lies at the heart of Lewis's writing is "a vision. And this reader can testify that in Lewis's words embodying this vision he finds a deep and deeply moving joy." (p. 224) As *Genesis* says of the primary Creation, "behold, it was very good." (1:31)

... Nancy-Lou Patterson

Raylyn Moore: *Wonderful Wizard, Marvelous Land* Bowling Green University Popular Press, Preface by Ray Bradbury.

This country's most popular and enduring writer of fantasy, L. Frank Baum, has had to wait till near the diamond jubilee of *The Wizard of Oz* for the first book-length critical study of himself and his works. Raylyn Moore's analysis concentrates upon *The Wizard,* its sequels, and a few of Baum's non-Oz fantasies, to the exclusion of the other books that he turned out for commercial purposes with embarrassing rapidity. This is probably wise--the fairy adventures are his best works and are the books still in print--yet I do dissent sharply from Mrs. Moore's inability to find a continuum of values between the fantasies and the pulp fiction. And I think that she misrepresents and underrates the "Aunt Jane's Nieces" series that Baum wrote as "Edith Van Dyne," though that series is hardly a consistant string of gems.

Wonderful Wizard, Marvelous Land divides into three sections dealing, respectively, with (a) the current standing of Baum's stories, (b) Baum's life and financial woes, and (c) the ingredients of Oz and the merits of the books.

The author is particularly good at elucidating small textual nuances--the references to heart disease (Baum's personal affliction), and a hitherto unsuspected (by me) penchant for booze jokes that bob in and out of the series. She is even-handed and probably definitive in her discussion of Baum's prose style, but I find that she succumbs too readily to the truism that the later Oz books are markedly inferior to the first. Bias leads to error. "Probably no two Oz readers would fail to concur," she writes (p. 168), "that *The Wizard* is the best of all Oz books." As a matter of fact, surveys of the large and generally mature International Wizard of Oz Club have shown the second and third books, *The Land of Oz* and *Ozma of Oz,* to be the heavy favorites.

On one question that she raises I can shed light. Baum had written thirteen Oz books when he died in 1919. In 1920, his last book, *Glinda of Oz,* appeared posthumously. In 1921 the publishers brought out *The Royal Book of Oz* under Baum's name "enlarged and edited by Ruth Plumly Thompson." Thereafter Miss Thompson took over full authorship of the profitable series. The publisher's claim that *The Royal Book* came from notes left by Baum, is seriously considered by Mrs. Moore. "No one seems to know exactly how much of this book was really Baum's work" (p. 89). As long ago as 1954,Jack Snow identified *The Royal Book* as pure Thompson, and in 1964 Ruth Plumly Thompson wrote to me, "*The Royal Book of Oz* was ALL mine. I had no notes or other material from the Baum estate. The publishers made up that little fairy tale to bridge the gap between Baum's books and mine." Since Miss Thompson is still alive and accessible in Pennsylvania, I don't know why Mrs. Moore didn't write for that information.

As in any such study, it's easy to locate technical slips. Mrs. Moore transposes the Woggle-Bug's initials (p. 21), she renders the name Omby Amby as "Andy Omby" (p. 129), and, of course, Princess Gloria's confidante (p. 132) was Trot, not Betsy. But the main flaws come

Cont'd on p. 36

serve the king without one, but asks Aslan to restore it to him for the sake of his dignity. In a land where some might be "tempted to measure worth by inches" his dignity is important. And as Reepicheep said, "A tail is the Honour and Glory of a Mouse." The Talking Mice were equally sure of this, and if the Chief Mouse was to be denied a tail, then they would cut off their own tails. They would not willingly carry an honour that was to be denied to their leader.

Narnia was an honourable nation. The lands that bordered it did not need to build defenses for an attack from Narnia unless they meant to attack Narnia first. Narnia did not hesitate to go to the aid of its neighbors, as the Calormene raiders of Archenland found to their dismay. Friendship to Narnia could be dangerous, but the danger came from your friend's enemies, not from your friend. Nor would Narnia ever be too proud to speak to a small or insignificant neighbor.

For all his mannerisms and strange appearance, Reepicheep was a good example of the virtues of Narnia carried to their extreme. Never crossing the line between dignity and arrogance, firm in his beliefs, uncompromising in his standards of behavior for himself and for others, Reepicheep never loses the virtues of kindness and charity. His is the ultimate reward, to be there waiting to guide the survivors of the shadow Narnia into Aslan's Narnia after the last battle. Of Reepicheep it could truly be said that while a tail may be the honour and glory of a Mouse, a Mouse was the honour and glory of a nation.

When the Dawn Treader sails toward the edge of the world, Eustace is the most disliked person aboard. And if anyone has special cause to dislike him, it is Reepicheep. Yet when Eustace is lost on a small island, and the Narnians become aware of it; it is Reepicheep who reminds an angry Master Rhince of the obligation to search for Eustace and either rescue or avenge him. As far as Reepicheep was concerned, only one fact mattered. Eustace was "one of the Queen's blood" and was to be treated as such. It was a matter of his honour and obligation, not of personalities. Even more revelatory of Reepicheep's character: when Eustace is discovered in his dragon form it is Reepicheep who is most comforting to Eustace, telling him stories of others who had recovered from similar plights and keeping him company. To Reepicheep, he was not "that stinker, Eustace" but rather a fellow creature in great distress. Indeed, Reepicheep could not conceive of any other course he might follow but to show compassion.

Reepicheep's "pride" is actually a "...proper sense of dignity and worth. He could not allow himself to be advanced at the expense of another's honour or put himself forward by belittling other people. But he would refuse to yield up the least shred of his own honour to anyone, even himself. Not even Reepicheep could really believe that a lone mouse could defeat a dragon in single combat, but that one Mouse could buy the time needed for the Queen and her escort to escape at the cost of his own life. Reepicheep had very little difficulty in making a fight-or-flight decision. He knew that to desert his friends or let them be hurt was to lose honour, and for Reepicheep life without honour was simply a slower way of death.

In this feeling of self-worth, which Lewis is careful not to refer to as pride, Reepicheep is much like the Narnia that bred him. Narnia was a small country, much smaller than the various provinces of Calormen, and of strange appearance to an outsider. It was a country of talking animals, dwarves, sprites, unicorns, and other unlikely creatures. Its God-figure was the talking Lion, and like Aslan, there was more to Narnia than appeared on the surface. Even the Tisroc recognized that Narnia would be dangerous to attack, or even to anger.

from what may be described as a trendy campus viewpoint. To emphasize Baum's ideological kinship with today's flower children and quote heavily from Charles Reich is to overlook Baum's strangely conceived character Sacho in *The Sea Fairies*, whose passive innocence serves the satanic Zog. Joseph Campbell is also frequently called upon, along with the whole recent mystique of mythical affinities. This all too often becomes pedantic and absurd. Thus the four-colored skirts of the girl army in *The Land of Oz* are "a not-so-pale echo of a much-quoted folk-tale from Yorubaland, West Africa, about the trickster-divinity Edshu..." (p. 125).

Her saturation in the Joseph Campbell *cum* Jung kind of susceptibility leads to what seems to me a deeply erroneous conclusion: "...Oz is first and last constructed of the stuff of the primitive unconscious, the darkly glittering building materials of all myth and fairy tale." (p. 123). "...Baum's fictional world is a veritable catchall for the historical, the mythic and the folkloric." (p. 93).

This overlooks the element that keeps Baum popular and, at the same time, alien to fantasy societies like this one; I mean the amazingly isolated nature of his individual genius. No one reads him for his prose style, or for the sake of archetypes that can be reached by quicker paths through other works--the "classical" fairy tales or more recent books. L. Frank Baum, raconteur, dreamer, man who failed at a dozen schemes in life, is *sui generis*, peerless, the fantasist of greatest genius this country has produced, and utterly alone in his accomplishment. Of course he used traditional materials--monarchy, jewels, gnomes, perilous journeys. He mixed them with a tinkering delight in burgeoning technology (his clockwork man Tik-Tok is the first full-fledged robot in literature). But the binding force, the energy, blazes in a peculiar ability to fill the world with undreamt-of phenomena. Anyone, for instance, noting the man-shape of a scarecrow, might think to animate it in a child's story, as Collodi animated the puppet Pinocchio. But now page on through *The Wizard* to the Tin Woodman rusting in his forest. Why a tin woodman? A tin man--well, anyone might think of it. But why a woodman? But there is Baum's woodman with his own context and his own history. And there are others to follow: Jack Pumpkinhead, the Woggle-bug, the Patchwork Girl, the Woozy, the Ork.

"...Consider," says Mrs. Moore, anent a decline she perceives in Baum's powers, "the account in *The Lost Princess [of Oz]* in which the Thists are thistle-eaters with gold throats and stomachs to accommodate their diet, an eccentricity which seems to exist for its own sake." Dear lady, it had been going on from the first.

And let us admit that dark and grotesque things eventually came scrambling out of Baum's imagination. Mrs. Moore deplores this--apparently she likes her archetypes pasteurized--but I personally think tht this recognition and rendering of evil and distortion was a gain for Baum both as a maker of adventures and as a truth-teller.

This book is, as I've said, the first full-length study of Baum. There will be more, and I hope that some in the future will touch on two elements that are neglected here. One is the often tartly realistic nature of the dialogue he wrote, an element that makes the Ozians live, breathe, and even have human failings. It helps to carry the stories and has linked Baum's creatures as personal friends to thousands of child readers. Those children live, like this one, past thirty, and still feel at home around the Scarecrow, the Shaggy Man, the Frogman, and the Woozy.

And not enough attention is paid to the fact that they are *happy* books. As we become more conscious of the continuum of folklore and mythopoeic images, the act of writing children's fantasy has developed a decidedly ritual character. It would not be fair to say that Lloyd Alexander is humorless (though this is true of Ursula LeGuin), but everybody is abominably serious these days about Faerie. And the happiness I mean is an even deeper thing than humor. Only in C.S. Lewis do modern fairy tale creatures chuck their significances and just have a good time. Baum books

Cont'd on p. 46

This poetry of which I write, in its coarse flexible mesh,
Rich with a strange juxtaposition of colours,
Here and there snarled or gaudy, but still strong-fibered,
With common words in a strange dye, with knots of metaphysic--
This is the mesh that drew the loud myth so close
(The manuals coupled, the echo instantaneous),
This at last compelled the slow sea-coming
And loosed upon England the invisible virtues.

Note: the poem is not included in Ridler's *Selected Poems* (New York: The Macmillan Company, 1961).

Tolkien, J.R.R. "All that is gold does not glitter". Reprinted in *Mallorn: The Magazine of the Tolkien Society*, No. 10 (n.d. [late 1976]), 33.
The poem, reprinted from *The Lord of the Rings*, Bk. I, Ch. 10, and Bk. II, Ch. 2, is illustrated and in script by Lucy Matthews.

STAR CALLS

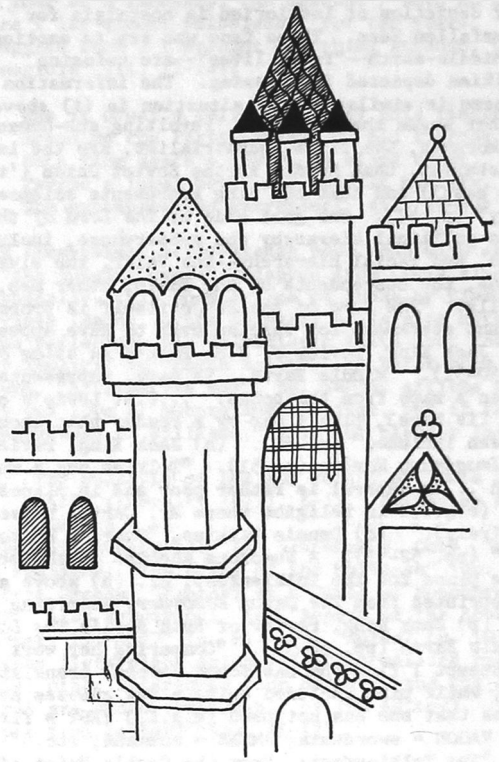
The singers call and beckon;
Songs in glistening streams,
Gold and silver fingers
So far I cannot reckon
Yet reaching mine, it seems,
Drawing higher, further;
Their long music lingers
From my infant dreams.

Here I am a stranger;
Here I have no place.
I would know a brother;
I would be a ranger
Of song-sown fields of space;
There among the singers
I may find another,
Truer, closer race.

by Gracia Fay Ellwood

frequently have an anti-climax, several chapters after all danger has been resolved where the characters simply relax and enjoy being in Oz and with each other. That geniality is *not* false idealism, and it's a far more valuable thing to meet, these days, than any number of Mabinogian figures or Jungian shadows

... Lee Speth



FOUNDER'S FOCUS

by Glen GoodKnight

With this issue we have a new editor -- Gracia Fay Ellwood. She has been active in the Society since 1969; a woman of special talents and wide interests. Her published books include Psychic Visits from the Past and Good News from Tolkien's Middle Earth. Despite honest differences on certain areas of concern that do not directly pertain to mythopoeia, I cannot think of a person better qualified to assume the editorship. I ask you the readers to give her the support and confidence she rightly deserves. I will continue to support the production of Mythlore, advising and assisting in various ways.

The Society is now more than 11 years old. My original vision was for it to be a medium of exchange and insights and opinions for people of the same interests, enriching each individual involved. The Society has gone through considerable evolving, and sometimes revolving. When people interact, of necessity there arises "politics" (used in the broad sense). Contrary to what might be assumed, deep down, I have never enjoyed politics in the Society, but endured it, knowing that the reality of human nature requires it. The sole reason the vast majority of Society members joined and continue to join is their enthusiasm for the literature, and their desire to be in contact with others of similar enthusiasm. Using the Society as a vehicle for political games is not their intent, and the majority are quickly turned off when such surface. Thus, I personally have sought to keep politics at a visible minimum. Of course it is unreasonable to expect everyone in an organization will agree, and honest disagreement can be constructive in resolving problems.

My deep hope is that the new Council of Stewards will be open to the ideas of all the members with a sense of reasonable proportion as to the practicality of the ideas expressed. One of the reasons for the recent changes in the Society's Bylaws was to cut politics to the bare minimum, so the Society could get on with the real job we all want it to do. During this transition period the Council is working out new ways to streamling operating procedures. There is a working confidence that this can be done. Speaking for myself, not the Council, I ask you to give it the support it needs at this time.

In the last 11 years there have been problems and even heartache along the way, but below and above that there has been the in-deepening and enrichment I have received from interchange with the very special people of this Society. To all, a deep thank you.

I close with a quote from C.S. Lewis: "The future is bright, the road leads on -- but tomorrow is a Monday morning." Onward!